

# This Week

MAGAZINE

Democrat  Chronicle

MAGAZINE SECTION

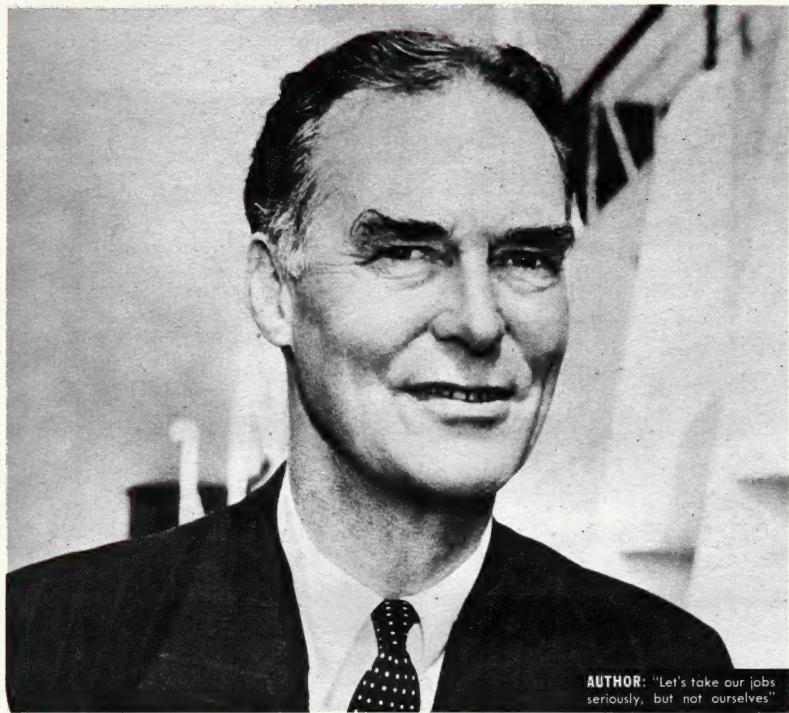
MAY 24 1953



KISS-NOTS: THEY'RE SOMETHING NEW IN BONNETS. SEE PAGE 22

**CLARK GABLE - STILL THE KING! ... Page 10**





AUTHOR: "Let's take our jobs seriously, but not ourselves"

WIDE WORLD

# A GOVERNOR'S SECRET

by Christian A. Herter

*Governor of Massachusetts*

Three watchwords have guided him all his life

HERE is a saying I have heard — Chinese in origin, I believe — which seems to be of great philosophical guide I like to contemplate as "Words To Live By."

I don't even know whether the words are accurately quoted, nor can I at the moment describe the exact source of the saying, but with your indulgence I'll quote it indirectly:

*I have three precious things which I hold fast and prize; the first is gentleness, the second is frugality and the third is humility. Be gentle, and you can be bold. Be frugal, and you can be liberal. Avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men.*

Gentleness, frugality and humility.

In public life, as in private, it seems to me that this trinity is indispensable and of great value to

all our citizens — so long as *gentleness* implies understanding, integrity and the ability to draw a firm line when needed; so long as *frugality* means an economy consistent with reason and concern for others; and so long as *humility* — a trait as essential as any I know — is sincere and genuine and does not grotesquely mask a secret desire for power.

When we took over the gubernatorial reins last January 8, my staff will recall that I instructed both myself and them to take our jobs seriously but not ourselves; that the moment any of us began throwing his or her weight around, our usefulness in the executive office of the Commonwealth was at an end.

The problems of a complex modern society are enormous, but I have no doubt that there is less confused trampling and a far more decisive march when the simple creed of gentleness, frugality and humility is adhered to as consistently as imperfect human beings are capable of doing.

## Sidelines

**GOOD MAGIC.** We're indebted to The Journal of the American Medical Association for this flash from the scientific front:

The African Witch Doctors Association plans to build a \$28,000 university! For a degree, a student must finish a five-year course, including magic, masking and mumbo-jumbo. He then becomes a licensed *mganga* who practices good magic, as opposed to the *mchawi*, who specializes in black magic. Because of the *mchawi*, the reputation of ethical witch doctoring has fallen, and the Association plans to remedy the situation. "We must get rid of the quacks and illiterates among the medicine men!" its leader says.

One course — telepathy for diagnosing symptoms — should have special appeal. The witch doctor can make night calls without leaving his bed!

**RIGHT JOB.** In Peoria, Ill., we're told, there's a woman who reported that she had just struck and knocked down a pedestrian with her automobile. Checking her driver's license, an officer said, "Pardon me, Madam, but this birth date isn't correct, is it?" It read 1859. "It certainly is!" she retorted. "I'm 93 years old." Then the embarrassed officer started to write "none" in the report space reserved for driver's occupation, but thought he'd better check. Turns out the lady is a sales representative for health products.

**DIZZY DEAN.** There's a laugh for baseball fans next week when ol' Diz, one of the game's most colorful pitchers, tosses a bean ball at some highly touted participants in our national sport — the managers. What he'll say in "Baseball Managers Ain't Necessary" should make Casey Stengel and his colleagues blow their tops.

For the ladies, there's a special Coronation article, "Cooking For The Queen," by Food Editor Clementine Paddleford, just back from England where she learned what's going on in the Royal kitchens.

— THE EDITORS

## This Week

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

THE CERBOARD.....	4
FIVE WAYS TO RUIN YOUR CHILD.....	7
EYES YOU CAN'T RESIST.....	8
CLARK GABLE — STILL THE KING!.....	10
"OLD UNFAITHFUL".....	12
SUPER-RIDDLES.....	14
LATEST SKYWEAR.....	16
QUIZ 'EM.....	17
TOO TOUGH FOR TV.....	19
FASHION FIND.....	22
UNCLE WASN'T SO CRAZY.....	25
HOW AMERICA EATS.....	26
EVERYBODY'S ETIQUETTE.....	28

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FOR A BETTER AMERICA

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Helps You Guard that



Fresh and Radiant—Lovely Sally Young, Conn. College for Women, says: "To help keep my skin fresh and radiant, I always use 100% mild Palmolive Soap. I need no other beauty aid."



Natural Looking—Jefferson H. Smith, care results were softer, smoother.



100% Mild—Virginia Westinger, Univ. of Colorado, has blonde hair and lovely skin. She says: "Palmolive Soap is 100% mild—that means it's perfect for gentle beauty care."



**100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!**

**NEW VEL\***  
MAKES DISHES SHINE  
**WITHOUT WASHING  
OR WIPIING!**

**"VEL SOAKS DISHES CLEAN—**

**SAVES YOU ALL THE  
HARD WORK!"**



**DON'T WASH—JUST SOAK!**

Dishes soak grease-free in seconds! No washing needed. If food clings, a touch of the dishcloth gets it off. There's no greasy dishwater with Vel—no ring around the pan!

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Yes! Just soak and rinse. Dishes dry streak-free without wiping! Even heavy grease in stew pots and frying pans is so completely dissolved no hard scouring is needed with Vel!

Package for package, Vel cuts grease better than the leading washday detergent, liquid detergents or soaps!

**...and yet  
no 'Detergent Burn'  
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"HAND-HEAT TEST"  
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Dip hands in water. Then put a tablespoonful of any leading washday detergent in one hand—put a tablespoonful of VEL in the other.



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THE HEAT**

from harsh washday detergents, indicating the presence of irritating alkalies and harsh chemicals that cause "Detergent Burn"!

**FEEL  
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FOR DISHES  
AND FINEST  
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For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care"  
With Any Leading Toilet Soap!**

**Yes, Softer, Smoother Skin—**  
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—most women can have it within  
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have proved it in actual tests on  
1285 women. What's more, these  
doctors found that Palmolive's  
Beauty Plan is *unquestionably* better  
for your skin than "just average  
care" with any leading toilet soap.

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**Nature's Chlorophyll\***



**Is In Every Cake Of  
Palmolive Soap . . .  
That's What  
Makes Palmolive Green!**



\*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.



To learn the "truth" about your pals—

- Let them tell it with costumes
- Study palmistry

Who'd guess that timid Theresa secretly longs to be a Mata Hari? And Bill (The Shoulders) hankers to whip up the world's best soufflé? Give a "secret ambition" party! You'll get a line on your gang—with their togs representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind)—with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat pressed ends. What's more, you're comfortable—for Kotex holds its shape!



Can you offset bowlegged gams with—

- Grace
- Exercise
- Blue jeans

If Nature threw a curve when she built dem bones, exercise won't straighten 'em. To offset that bowed look, acquire graceful posture; avoid shorts, snug-fitting jeans. Wear skirts with a graceful flare—at the right length for you. For every gal (come calendar days) there's a "just right" absorbency of Kotex. Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super.



## Are you in the know?



Should a girl make an apology—

- Never
- Brief
- A broken record

Oops! Now he knows (sob) which side his suit's peanut-buttered on. Tell him you're sorry, sincerely, briefly. Why grovel in apologies the evening long? "Accidents will happen!" But *problem-day accidents* needn't, ever; not when you've chosen Kotex. You get the *double protection* of (1) —extra absorbency, (2) that *safety center*!



More women choose KOTEX®  
than all other sanitary napkins

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### Know someone who needs to know?

Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster now who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send today for the new free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now." Written for girls aged 9 to 12, it tells—in her own language—all she needs to know, beforehand. Button-bright! FREE! To get your copy, write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 243, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



## SHORT AND SWEET



### S H O R T

"S H

# Guard Against Throat-Scratch

enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos...the finest quality money can buy

## Here's Mildness You Can Measure

See how PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos filters  
the smoke on the way to your throat



1



2



3

Light a PALL MALL and notice how mild PALL MALL's smoke becomes as it is filtered further through PALL MALL's traditionally fine mellow tobaccos. At the very first puff you can enjoy PALL MALL's cooler, sweeter smoking.

After 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's traditionally fine tobaccos is filtered further. Moreover, after 10 puffs of each cigarette...

...or 17 puffs, PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild. PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

## Outstanding...and they are mild!

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Wherever you go, notice how many people have changed to PALL MALL in the distinguished red package

The Finest Quality Money Can Buy





The only V-8  
in the  
low-price  
field



41 "WORTH MORE" FEATURES  
make Ford worth more when you buy it...  
worth more when you sell it.



THE NEW STANDARD OF THE AMERICAN ROAD



## Success car of the season

Listen to car talk from Broadway to Main Street and you'll hear that one '53 car is the standout star—the '53 Ford!

With its 41 "Worth More" features, this new Ford gives you more of the things you want and need in a car for less money than any other car on the American Road!

In Ford's beautiful new Crestmark Bodies, you get the last word in trend-setting design.

In Ford's high-compression V-8 or Six engines you get "Go" that lets you rule the road. And in Ford's new satin-smooth Wonder Ride you'll find that front-end road shock has been reduced up to 80%.

Then, too, you'll discover the very latest in modern features . . . advances like Ford's Center-Fill Fueling and clutch and brake pedals suspended from above for easier operation.



Fifty Years Forward  
on the American Road

See . . . Value Check . . . Test Drive this fine new '53 Ford and learn for yourself why it's worth more when you buy it . . . worth more when you sell it, too!



*The swing  
is to*

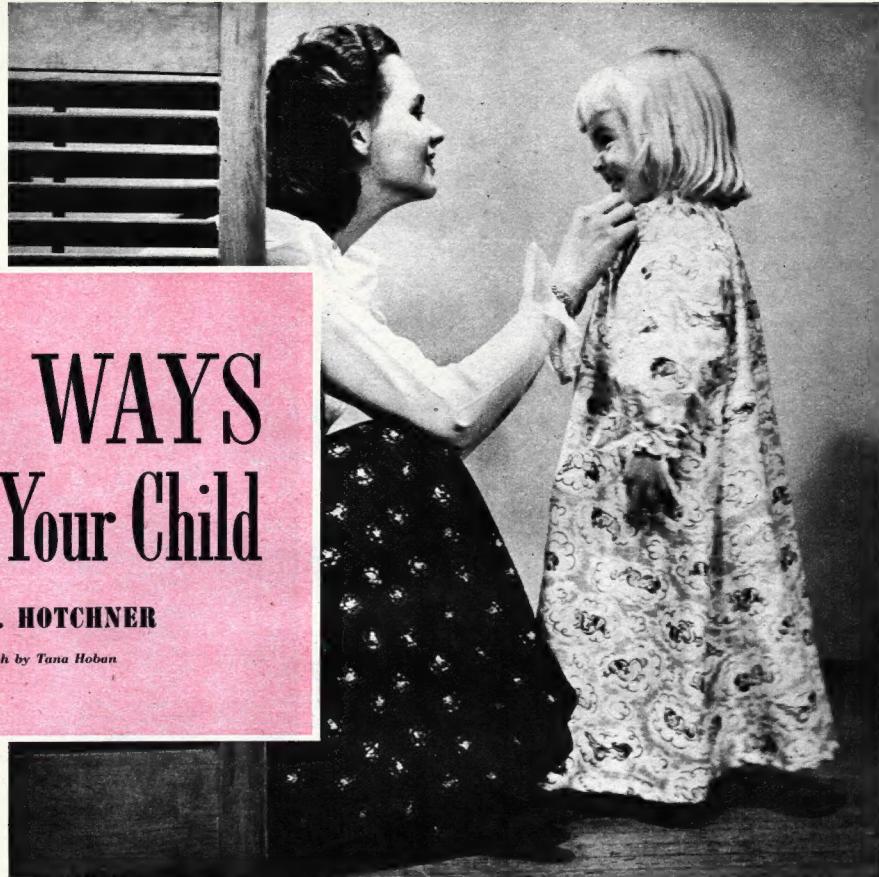
# FORD

SEE IT AT YOUR FORD DEALER'S

# FIVE WAYS To Ruin Your Child

BY A. E. HOTCHNER

Photograph by Tana Hoban



THE FOUR-TO-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD: Don't rush her, don't interfere too much, give her a chance to try things out

EDUCATIONAL scientists have made the important discovery that in each stage of your child's development he undergoes one critical personality change. Science now tells you how to recognize that change and, most important of all, what you should do about it.

You may have a shelf full of helpful books on child care, but up to now nobody has ever given parents an authoritative guide for handling their children's psychological development in each period of their lives. The Federal Children's Bureau has at last filled that need.



MARTHA M. ELIOT,  
Chief of the U.S.  
Children's Bureau:

"The ideas on these pages can be a prescription for happiness for the next generation. I strongly recommend this article to parents"

For every stage of growth he has a special need — ignore it and you'll do him real harm. Here are new scientific findings that can help every parent help his child

Following the findings of the Mid-century White House Conference on Children & Youth, the Bureau recently released new facts which should help every parent gain fresh insight into the growing lives of his children. This article, based on those facts, is organized into age groups so that you can easily refer to your own child's age.

#### What Happened?

How many times have you heard — or said — "We thought we did all the right things but look at that child!"? The problem child of yesterday is the problem teen-ager of today and the problem adult of tomorrow. A few months ago, the mother of a New Jersey boy who had beaten a nurse to death, bowed her

head before the judge who sentenced her young son to life imprisonment, and said: "He comes from a good home. No trouble. We gave him everything. We love him. What has gone wrong?"

To know what goes wrong — in a big way like this or in smaller ways — it's necessary to know, in each period of a child's development, what the things are that a parent does or does not do that push his child toward a healthy or unhealthy personality. That's what this article will attempt to help you with.

But you can look at your child now and give him what he needs right at this moment. You can make his present living good. Here are the signs to look for and what to do about them — the rest is up to you.

Of course, parents are not the only influences in a child's life, nor are they to blame for all that goes wrong.

**1. INFANCY.** Your child must leave this period carrying one thing with him: a feeling that his world is okay, a sense of trust from being in it.

These are the things the baby will find out, according to the Children's Bureau: "What are people like? Can he count on them? Are they reliable and friendly and nice? What is the world like? Is it kind or does he have to be careful, on his guard, watching it every minute? Is it a safe place or are there nasty surprises that sneak up on him?"

"Just like the rest of us, if he can feel that the *new* is trustworthy (and for him the *new* means everything: people, things, events, himself), then he can relax. He can give his energy to growing. He does not have to jittery — either fighting all the time (because his world is an enemy) or frightened all the time (because he cannot trust the world)."

Yes, you say, but how do you give him this  
*Continued on page 27*

# EYES You Can't Resist

These two people were hypnotists — Connie and Herb,

and they wanted to quit their glamorous life.

That was when they started having real trouble

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

## FEATURE FICTION

HERBERT TEACH, world-famous hypnotist, opened the door of his wife's dressing room in the old red and gold Opera House at Macedonia, Illinois. Consuelo was fastening a diamond earring into one ear. She saw his reflection in the mirror and whirled about, with the sudden eagerness of a girl.

"Herb, have you got the letter? Let me read it again!"

He smiled, indulgently. "Better wait until after the performance, Connie. It'll keep."

Behind him, a boy said, "Curtain, Mr. Teach." Connie picked up the other earring and they walked together to the wings. They had played Macedonia before, and the applause was prolonged, as they bowed to the audience. Consuelo sat gracefully on a gilt chair, as her husband lifted his hand for silence.

In his well-cut evening clothes he was an impressive and distinguished man. He was over six feet tall, broad-shouldered, with a massive head and a wide, high forehead above his extraordinary moonstone eyes.

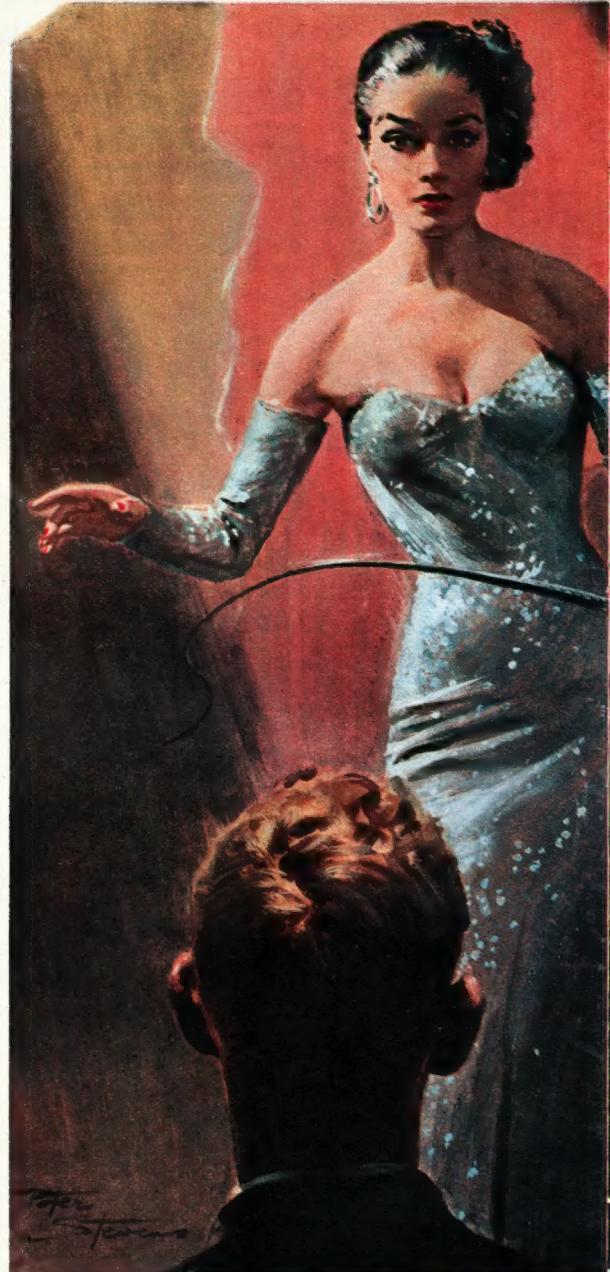
She watched the familiar figures of the volunteers from the audience shamble self-consciously up the ramp which ran from the stage to the auditorium. When a dozen citi-

zens of Macedonia were seated in a semi-circle on the gilded chairs, Herb extended one hand and bowed to Consuelo.

This was her part of their performance. Below the footlights, in the orchestra pit, the pianist began to play softly. Consuelo moved sinuously, the sequins on her tight-fitting silver dress sending out sparks from the circular spotlight which followed her. Her sleek, black hair glistened; her large eyes, elongated by mascara, glittered like the eyes of a cobra. The twelve men watched her, their faces expressing a variety of reactions. They were sheepish and skeptical, timid and defiant. The black whip in her hand caught the light.

"JUST close your eyes . . . all of you . . ." she murmured, her voice at once sensuous and compelling. "You're drowsy . . . aren't you?" Strains of the "Blue Danube" drifted dreamily in the air. "You're very sleepy . . . aren't you?" Her words had the rhythm of the music, undulating, caressing.

"Your eyelids are heavy . . . so heavy . . ." The piano notes were like padded hammer blows, an obbligato to the seeming indifference of her voice. Pinpoints of light flashed from her as she moved from one to another, the



Consuelo moved upon the stage, eyes and voice creating their hypnotic spell

tip of her whip lightly summoning them to empty-eyed attention. The audience was still, as she went smoothly into the popular fire-act.

The twelve men stared at the spot she indicated, on the stage floor. "Hot . . . isn't

it?" she murmured. "Put out your hands and feel the heat." The whip pointed down, and their glazed stares followed it. "I am putting this poker in the fire. It is getting hot. Very, very hot." Her head came up, like the head



for the men who had volunteered

of a striking snake. Her voice vibrated. "What if I touched you with it?"

Then the house rocked with laughter as a bona-fide citizen of Macedonia shrieked and rubbed his leg where the whip had flicked. She

continued the familiar routine. She handed them imaginary baskets, watched them file down the ramp, picking imaginary strawberries from the carpet, the seats, the heads and shoulders of their fellow townsmen.

Herb took over. A grinning laborer lifted the sledge hammer and broke the heavy paving-stone which rested upon the chest of the local grocer, lying stiff in his cataleptic sleep, his body rigid, suspended between two of the gilt chairs...

TWENTY minutes after the final curtain, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Teach sat facing one another in a booth at Snyder's All-Nite Café.

"Please read it aloud, Herb!" said Connie.

Herb drew the letter from the airmail envelope. She leaned toward him, her lips parted, as he read. "Even if you had no capital to buy in with me, I'd take you on like a shot, Herb. Your manner and appearance will be invaluable. I've taken a week's option on a nice house in a good neighborhood for you. Wire when you're coming, and I'll meet you."

Connie said, "Let me look at it!" In her gray tailored suit, she bore little resemblance to the sequined siren on the Opera House stage. Her eyes shone. "A nice house!" she cried. "After twenty-five years of troupung, Herbie!" Her voice choked. "No more trains, no more trunks, no more hotel rooms! A house of our own!"

He put his hand over hers. "We've waited a long time..."

It was a month later when they wound up their engagements and arrived in Seattle. Fred Corcoran's private office was large and comfortable, his name and the single word INVESTMENTS lettered in gold on the glass door. "We'll have your name put on, too, Herb," he said. "I'm expecting big things of you. With your voice and appearance, you ought to be able to sell snowplows on the Equator!"

"I'll do my best, Fred," Herb promised, his voice deep.

After twenty-five years of facing audiences, of holding the hundreds out-front spellbound while he controlled completely the individuals on-stage, selling stock seemed child's play. There was none of the tension, the nervous strain of his former work, the awful responsibility of the occasional man who did not at once respond to the releasing snap of his fingers, the staccato, imperative, "Right you are!"

People liked him. He was, as Fred remarked over and over, a born salesman. "If Herb Teach says a stock's good, you can bet your bottom dollar on it," someone said, and the statement became a by-word.

CONSUELO had never been so happy, and her happiness drew people to her. They could easily afford a servant, but she would not have one. Preparing meals, keeping the bright house immaculate, working in the garden, filled her days. Five evenings a week, at six o'clock, she ran to the door like a bride to watch their new sedan, with Herb at the wheel, stop before the house.

Arm in arm, they would inspect the growth of new shrubs, admire their lawn, examine a bird's nest in one of their trees. Through a clump of evergreens, they could see a vista of the Pacific, sometimes glittering in the sunlight, or swelling and smoking beneath wisps of fog, sometimes white-capped and thunderous, tossing white spray against the brown rocks. The firm of Corcoran and Teach prospered.

They had been in Seattle for ten months, when Herb came home early one afternoon from the office. Consuelo looked up from the new curtains she was hemming, and her smile faded. "What's wrong, Herb?" she asked, putting down her sewing.

Silently, he handed her the evening newspaper. She watched, puzzled, as he moved heavily to a window, stood with his broad back motionless, staring out. She lifted the paper and a photograph of Herb met her eyes, with the caption, beneath: *The man you can't resist.*

It was a long story, and one which the reporter had obviously enjoyed writing. *Teach, the Hypnotist, in Local Brokerage Office.* There



Consuelo watched — puzzled — as  
Herb moved heavily to a window

was no implication that any of the stocks which Corcoran and Teach handled were questionable. The story merely outlined the hypnotic abilities of the new partner, the history of his stage triumphs. It ended, facetiously: *Just close your eyes...*

Connie asked sharply, "What of it?" and Herb turned, "It's nothing to be ashamed of!"

His eyes were dull. "You don't understand," he told her. "I didn't take it all in, at first." He hesitated, looking at her pityingly. "Connie, we can't stay here, now. It would ruin Fred's business. I never thought of this angle, and he hadn't, either."

SHE refused to believe him — for a few days. There was a new expression in their neighbors' eyes, a wariness, a suspicion. "I guess the joke's on us," the man who had first made the statement of Herb's integrity commented. Fred Corcoran was genuinely grieved, but he was helpless in the face of public opinion. In the days following the newspaper story, hardly a customer came to the office.

"But where can we go, Herbie?" Consuelo asked miserably.

Herbert Teach looked at the floor. "I don't know," he answered. "It will be the same anywhere, sooner or later."

"I won't go back to the stage!" she sobbed. "Oh, Herbie, I can't!"

"We've got to live," he told her.

It was her idea, and it took her a week to persuade Herb. "I've never been dishonest in my life," he protested. "It's wrong!"

"It's our only chance to live like other people!" she cried.

So Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Thompson registered at a family hotel in a small Southern city. Thompson was a retired investment

counselor, conversing intelligently and conservatively of stocks and bond issues.

At first, he laughed and shrugged when someone suggested that he open an office in the town. He was retired, he insisted. His savings and investments were ample for him and his wife to live at ease in this lovely spot. He was delighted to offer his advice to anyone, for what it was worth.

Their savings dwindled. They had less than a thousand dollars when Herb capitulated to the urgencies of their new friends. The venture did well, from the start. "Never knew Herb to give anyone a bum steer," Bert Peale, the town's leading businessman, asserted. His clients, too, were making money.

They bought a house. After a year, Consuelo, half-defiant, half-humorous purchased a lot in the local cemetery. They did not like the town as well as they had liked Seattle. The first summer was hotter than either of them had anticipated, difficult for the New England Herb, the New York born Consuelo, to endure. The town was geared to a lower tempo than they had ever known. But it was home, or becoming home to them, and again they made friends.

CONSUELO was sitting, fanning herself, on their screened veranda while Herb made two iced drinks in the kitchen. Bert Peale's car stopped beneath the live-oak, with its beads of gray Spanish moss, and her hand litlified automatically to smooth her hair. Herb came out and called, "Howdy, Bert! May I offer you a glass of lemonade?"

Bert did not answer. He opened the screen door and stood leaning against one of the columns of the porch, his eyes shadowed by the flat brim of his black hat, which he did not remove. He looked deliberately at Herb, slowly, insolently, at Consuelo.

"We don't like people who use assumed names around here," he drawled...

It was still summer, muggy and humid, when they moved into a single room at the old Mohawk Hotel, in New York.

"So I can see us any time," Herb said, hanging up the phone. His face was tired, drawn.

Consuelo, putting mascara on her eyelashes, shrugged.

"Connie, I want you to listen to me!" he said. His voice had become suddenly full, resonant and melodious. She stared at him. "We're trouvers, you and I, and we can't get away from it. We don't belong in an ordinary, commonplace community." His moonstone eyes were brilliant and compelling. "Our mission in life is entertainment. We've been reaching out for a moon that was just green cheese!"

She turned her back. Her shoulders shook. A strangled sound escaped her, and she swung about, her mouth trembling with laughter. "Don't you dare try to hypnotize me, Herb Teach!" she cried. "I'll go back on the two-a-day, the one-night stands. I'll join a carnival or a medicine-show, if we can find one. But don't let's kid ourselves."

THEY both looked older than the last time they had sat on these chairs in Sol Levene's booking-office. Connie's white sharkskin dress was smart and becoming; her jade green scarf matched her green leather pumps. Herb's light suit was immaculate, and the carnation she had pinned in his buttonhole matched the dark red band on his straw hat. But there

*Continued on page 22*

# Clark Gable . . . STILL



1932. Famed shock scene in "Red Dust," an early Gable success with Jean Harlow



1953. Remake of "Red Dust," now called "Mogambo." New girl is Ava Gardner

After four marriages, dozens of million-dollar films and 52 birthdays, he's still on top. Here is the first intimate story about him in years

## THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES

### LONDON

FOR 20 years Clark Gable has been the unchallenged King of Hollywood, the screen's No. 1 romantic lead. His leading ladies were the pick of Hollywood — Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, down to the latest, Ava Gardner. But none was a bigger drawing card than Gable himself. He has made more money for his studio than any movie actor since the movies began — a sum running into the hundreds of millions of dollars.

#### No Bobby-soxer's Hero

AND, in defiance of time and all of his rivals, he is still the King — despite the fact that a new generation has grown up that does not acknowledge his right to the throne. In recent fan-magazine polls he rated only 18th with the bobby-soxers, whose heroes are Tony Curtis and Rock Hudson. But this survivor of another age still is first in popularity, in these same polls, with the 21-to-30 age group — the group that buys most of the movie tickets.

Clark Gable's pictures continue to make a lot of money. He has not been lucky in his choice of films since he returned from active service in World War II, but no picture of his has grossed less than \$2,500,000 in the domestic market, which is phenomenal in these gloomy days. The first and worst of his post-war pictures, "Adventure," grossed more than \$3,500,000 in the U.S.A. alone. He can still write his own ticket.

Nevertheless, if we were to go by the press coverage, he is Hollywood's forgotten man.

In recent years, no ballyhoo, no fanfare. This has been of his own choosing. He has granted none but the most perfunctory catch-as-catch-can interviews.

The fact that he is staking his career now on a remake of one of his early successes, "Red Dust," which is being filmed anew under the title of "Mogambo," has provoked fresh interest in him. How is the old gentleman bearing up? Can he match his earlier smash hit? What happens to him when his long contract with M-G-M comes to an end, which is a matter of months now? How long, in brief, can he keep it up?

I had met him on occasions through the years and even written pieces about him. But the guy never talked at length about himself. Was he willing to do so now, aware that an era was ending with him? There would never be another Gable. He owed it to Hollywood history to do some talking.

The negotiations for an interview were as delicate as if one were seeking an audience with royalty instead of a movie star presumably in need of publicity. There were preliminary discussions with royal envoys, agents and intermediaries before the King of Hollywood could even be approached.

#### "Meet Me in England"

AND then, in the simplest way in the world, Gable agreed that if I would meet him in England, where he was putting the finishing touches on "Mogambo," he would give me as much time as I wanted.

M-G-M seemed surprised and a little awed



CAROLE LOMBARD. His only real love?



LADY SYLVIA STANLEY. Most recent wife

# THE KING!

BY LOUIS BERG

This Week Movie and TV Editor



THE KING reports: "If you want to know what I am fundamentally, I'm a fellow that doesn't want to work."

that he assented so readily. But as always when the royal antechamber is breached, and one gets to meet the principal, Gable in person turned out to be approachable, easygoing and chatty.

I even got the impression that he might have been a little lonely in London, and eager for company and conversation.

But not for publicity. He's a little tired of ballyhoo by now, and just a little plain

tired. He makes one or two pictures a year and insists on a four-months' holiday after each picture.

At the age of 52, he is in no mood to abdicate, but on the other hand, he realizes that he cannot go on forever.

Gable is a man of genuine dignity. He got the title of King, to be sure, in recognition of his value in cold cash, but also because he brought reserve and good manners to a com-

munity that was more short of these commodities than of money.

His quarters in London were anything but flashy, in an aristocratic but hardly fancy hotel in Mayfair. Indeed, like much of Great Britain's aristocratic set-up, it bordered on the shabby-genteel. There was a coal fire, which he tended himself and a single elderly maid rather than liveried valets and bellhops, to supply the necessary room service

He was more polite to this maid than, to my knowledge, he had ever been with L. B. Mayer when he worked for that formidable czar of M-G-M production. He poured drinks for his press agent and watched the glass with an anxious and hospitable eye.

Gable might still be King, but he was not one to make a show of it. How did this one-time itinerant worker get to be King? How does he stay up there? Why does he get so much deference and respect from his public and his co-workers, so that he — alone among top movie stars — dares live simply and quietly and go into public places without escort or bodyguards? What does he have that other stars seemed to lack?

Not acting ability, surely. By his own analysis, he is a competent workman rather than a brilliant talent. Not on his looks alone — he had flopping ears and bad teeth when he started his career, to say nothing of feet that got in each other's way.

#### What's the Secret?

His early screen tests were catastrophic. Here is his own version of his test for a role in "Bird of Paradise."

"I was to play an island native, and I came out dressed only in a loin cloth, with a hibiscus blossom in my hair. King Vidor (the director) let out a yell: 'Get that thing out of here! What in hell is it?'

Cosmetic surgery did a fair job of his ears and fixed up his teeth real pretty. He still makes jokes about it. Not long ago, on a visit to Washington, D. C., he was taken to the gallery where two famous portraits of George Washington were hanging — one, it was explained to him, showing the Father of His Country with his own teeth, the other with the celebrated store set.

Gable showed his own handsomely capped teeth in a broad grin. "Hell," he said, "M-G-M has pictures of me back in the studio just like these."

What does he have then? The very glumness of his expression in repose won him his first chance, in the role of a heavy. His first wife, who was an acting coach, and loyal actor friends — among them Lionel Barrymore — helped a lot. And then, in punishment for his independence, he was put into a harmless comedy, where he was expected to fall on his face in the unhumorous sense of the word. The picture was "It Happened One Night," and it won him an Academy Award.

More than that, it lifted him to the very top of the romantic heap. Gable was a new type of hero — as popular with men as with women. He combined sex appeal with ruggedness and power, and after he appeared, the girls had little patience with the Valentino type of lover.

#### "Touch Him for Me!"

"You're no Clark Gable," became the standard stopper in any argument between man and wife, or girl and boy friend.

He is still a myth and a legend. "Touch him for me," said a secretary in my office when she heard I was flying to England to interview him.

A matinee idol with dignity! This was a switch. And his dignity survived the most extraordinary assaults upon it.

He was four times married and three of his marriages ended in divorce. There was an embarrassing paternity suit which resulted in the jailing of his accuser for false testimony. He was named in a divorce suit, and emerged with more credit than most people can hope to obtain under such awkward circumstances. The girls still loved him, and the men did not sneer.

His first two marriages were to women older than himself. It has been suggested that

*Continued on page 18*



HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL keeps her distance, but her expression is worth 1,000 words

# "OLD UNFAITHFUL"



**It's the local name for this fountain — with good reason**

AMONG life's unpredictable things is the public drinking fountain — this one, known as "Old Unfaithful," is in Chicago's Roosevelt Road neighborhood. Our photographer hid behind a tree to record the fun.

*Photographs by Arthur Shay*



LOOK OUT! He doesn't know what's ahead



ARTFUL DODGER. He's ready to duck



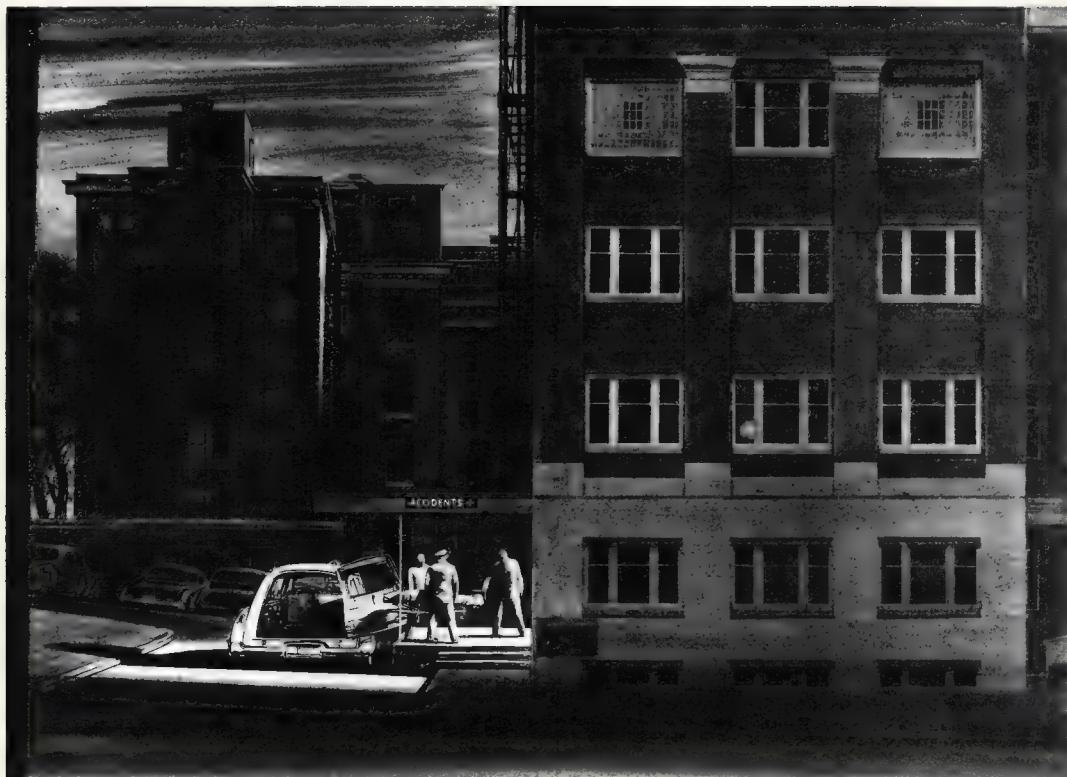
GUSHER: Coiffure is ruined, she's still thirsty



NONCHALANT: "I get soaked every day"



DIRECT HIT: His bicycle is a handicap



## When your life ebbs by minutes

It could happen, so quickly, to you. A bathroom bottle smashed as you slip and fall, or headlights swerving on a black highway . . . and your peaceful, ordered existence becomes a desperate ambulance race against the remaining minutes.

In the Accident Ward, as you lie in the troubled land between living and dying, a trained technician is already classifying

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# SUPER-

Here's a new kind of parlor game. See how well you do on these—and then try them on your friends!

LIKE most of us, Agnes Rogers, the wife of Frederick Lewis Allen, editor of "Harper's Magazine," likes riddles. But hers are different. They're super-riddles—and she's put them in a book called "How Come?" to be published by Doubleday this week.

Miss Rogers says there is only one rule for this game. In telling the story, leave out the essential point which makes your tale understandable. Then the guessing starts. Your friends can ask any number of questions, but they must be so framed that they can be answered by "Yes" or "No" or "Immaterial."

Here is a sample. The story goes: "A man going about his daily occupation brushed against a rock and tore his sleeves. A few minutes later he was dead. How come?"

A few of the questions you might ask are illustrated on the next page. It so happens the answer is: "He was a deep-sea diver. Obviously when the fabric of his suit was torn, the water rushed in and drowned him."

Want to try your hand at a few—or test your friends' wits? (Answers at end of article.) — The Editors

1. Percy was given to fast driving, and he had the habit of driving occasionally when he was slightly drunk. "He'll get into trouble," his friends predicted. And they were right. For one day Percy's powerful convertible crashed into another car on the highway, wrecking both cars. Percy was only slightly hurt and the police found him staggering around. The driver of the other car was more seriously injured, however, and his passenger was dead. Although Percy was clearly to blame he was not charged with homicide, but let off with only a fine. How come?

2. About midnight on a snowy winter's night a man put a lighted candle inside an empty receptacle. On the outside of the receptacle were three numbers—1025, 400 and 1155. He was observed by a passer-by who reported what he had seen to the police. Although no damage had been done, the man was arraigned and given a stiff sentence. How come?

3. A man and his wife were driving in a car, when the wife's behavior caused him to stop the car and rush to the nearest house. When he returned to the car, he found his wife near death and there was a stranger in the car with her. When the police arrived, they did not even question the stranger. How come?

4. Helen was expert at her job and always courteous. One day, however, as she was going about her daily business, she stepped through a door and forgot to count. Shortly thereafter she was dead. How come?

5. Mr. Brown was spending the night in a hotel in a strange city.

He had never been there before and didn't know a soul in the place. He had great difficulty getting to sleep. Finally he put in one telephone call—local, not long distance—and shortly thereafter he fell asleep. How come?

6. Mr. and Mrs. Northern were returning from a Saturday afternoon game of golf, when Mr. Northern stooped to pick up something from the ground. On seeing this Mrs. Northern quickly struck at the object in her husband's hand with her putter. She was dead in an instant. How come?

7. A young bride and groom were separated on their honeymoon, and the bride never saw her husband again for 40 years. When she did, at last long, come face to face with him, she found him unchanged in appearance—he looked just as young as when she'd seen him last, 40 years before. How come?

8. William Bly was heartily sick of his nagging wife, Sophie, and became obsessed with the idea of getting rid of her. One night they went to the movies to see a horror film. In the scarier part of the picture, when women in the audience were screaming in terror, William stabbed his wife fatally. When the picture was over, he took her out exactly as he had brought her in, and nobody suspected that anything untoward had happened. How come?

9. A man was murdered in full view of several thousand people. All were watching the victim, and all thought it was an accident. How come?

10. Horace knew there was some risk in his undertaking, but he underestimated the need for experi-

# RIDDLES

by Agnes Rogers



ence. He made his big mistake when he showed a piece of wood the wrong way. For almost immediately he was struck by a somewhat larger piece of wood, and not long afterwards he was dead. How come?

11. Jane bought a dozen electric light bulbs as a present for her friend, Edith. To make sure there were no duds among them, she tested them all and found all of

them perfect. She wrapped them up prettily and presented them to her friend. But Edith, after examining her gift, took them back to the store where they had been bought and indignantly demanded a new dozen or a refund of the money. The storekeeper laughed in her face. How come?

12. Phoebe, in the course of the occupation by which she earned her

living, felt tired. She looked around for a chair, but didn't find any. A very short time later she met a gory death. How come?

**ANSWERS**

1. Reckless Percy ran into a hearse containing a body already dead.
2. The receptacle was a mailbox—the large size for packages and big envelopes, and the man was an

arsonist. The snow obscured the numbers, which indicated times of collection, so the man did not realize that the box had been emptied only a short time before (11:55 p.m. to be exact). Otherwise who knows what valuable documents might have been destroyed!

3. The stranger was a newborn baby.
4. She was a parachutist, and didn't pull the rip cord in time.

5. He couldn't get to sleep because the man next door snored. Brown rang the night clerk, who telephoned the snorer's room and woke him up. When the noise stopped, Mr. Brown had no trouble in dozing off.

6. The object was a live wire. Mrs. Northern in her effort to protect her husband (who was beyond all earthly aid, having been electrocuted the moment his hand touched the lethal object) forgot that her putter was made of steel. So she too was electrocuted.

7. They'd gone to the Alps on their wedding journey and he had fallen into a crevasse while climbing. The glacier had preserved his body and finally brought it to the surface. The

faithful widow knew where he had fallen and the glacier's rate of speed, so she could calculate when and where she could again see the frozen and ever-youthful body. (From a story by Frederic Jessup Stimson.)

8. It was a drive-in movie. Willard and Sophie never got out of their automobile.

9. It was at the circus. Everybody was watching the daring exploits of the star aerialist when he fell to his death. It was caused by the band leader, who was in love with the aerialist's wife and who deliberately shifted the music's beat during the trapeze act. As every circus fan knows, the man on the flying trapeze depends on the music for his timing.

10. Horace did not know how to swim when he took a small sailboat out alone for the first time. A brisk breeze came up. Wishing to change his direction, he tried to tack, but he pushed the tiller the wrong way. The boom swung round and knocked him overboard and he was drowned.

11. They were flash bulbs which can be used only once. Jane, who was not a photographer, used them up when she tested them.

12. The intrepid girl was a lion tamer and the chair was part of her standard equipment. We admit to a small red herring in mentioning that she felt tired, but lion tamers must occasionally feel tired, wouldn't you think?

The End



## VETERANS! Here's how you can trade spare time for Retirement Income

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1. The pay of your grade or rank for each training assembly or day at camp while in a unit. Some Reservists not in units also have a chance to go to camp if they are active otherwise. You may also go to Army schools, etc.
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Master Sergeant	\$65.27
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Figures were compiled using the following basis as an average:  
age of entry into service, 22; active duty time, 3 years; earned  
points per year, 60. Your retirement pay will be based on your  
rating at the time you retire.

**WOMEN!** Find out about the benefits to you when you join the WAC Reserve. No prior military service required.

**YOUNG MEN!** You may enlist in the Army Reserve at age 17 and begin to serve your obligation and earn retirement and promotion. If subject to induction, you can be recalled as a Reservist instead and go on duty in whatever grade you may have achieved. It's a good deal!

#### DID YOU KNOW...

Since July 19, 1951 a total of 8 years service is required of all personnel enlisted, induced or appointed in the Armed Forces. Required active service is for 2 years, followed by 6 years in the Ready Reserve (whether you are subject to recall by the President).

However, if a veteran takes an active part in the Ready Reserve Training Program for 3 years—he may then transfer to the Standby Reserve for the remainder of his 8 years required service. The Standby Reserve is subject to recall only in an emergency declared by Congress.

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# LATEST SKYWEAR

**What does a well-dressed Navy flyer wear to work?**  
Everything you can think of.

**W**HEN a Navy pilot takes off from a base or from the deck of a carrier, he has to be ready for any emergency. For he never knows under what unlucky circumstances he may have to "ditch" his plane. That's why he wears or carries the fantastic array shown at the right—they include everything from shark repellent to snow glasses. A few articles are optional. For a flight from Miami to Havana the Navy doesn't insist on the parka, but in combat areas he has to be ready for any brand of trouble.

*Photograph by Arthur Daley*



**WARDROBE.** Here are some of the 90 things flyers wear or carry — everything from grenades to gloves



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# QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news



**WHAT** small nation sent big help?

**TROOPS** . . . Which U.S. ally in Korea has contributed the largest force in proportion to its population? Turkey. It has 5,000 men there. — R.J., Denver

**DIVOTS** . . . What unique golfing tournament took place recently in Ireland?

"The Golden Ball of Golf," in which players were limited to 1,000 strokes and 30 lost balls to play a single hole that is six miles long.

— B.R.S., Beachwood, N.J.

**CAUTION** . . . Why does the Atomic Energy Commission provide two wastebaskets for each office desk?

One, gray, is used for ordinary waste paper; the other, red, is used for secret papers which must be torn into shreds and then burned.

— C.A., Hamilton, Ohio

**SENTENCE** . . . What plan do grand jurors in Washington County, Tenn., have for convicted drunken drivers?

They should be assigned to pick up the beer containers strewn about the highways in the county.

— D.B., Philadelphia

**BALLOTS** . . . 18-year-olds are allowed to vote only in the State of Georgia. What other states are preparing legislation to lower voting age?

Indiana for 19-year-olds and California for 18-year-olds. — Mrs. W.H.C., Springfield, Ohio

**SWARMS** . . . How many autos and trucks are expected to be on U.S. roads by 1975?

65,000,000 autos and 20,000,000 trucks—enough, if placed bumper to bumper, to reach the moon and go around it four times. — R.A.D., Los Angeles

**HEADACHE** . . . \$712,740 and several years' work have been spent to fix a leaky roof on a world-famous building. The roof still leaks. What's the building?

India's Taj Mahal. The repair job will not be completed until 1954. — H.J.W., Madison, Wis.

**HATS OFF** . . . How did the Army cut automobile accident rates nearly 50 per cent in five years?

By making soldier-drivers stop every two hours for a cup of coffee and a 10-minute rest while on duty. — T.S., Washington, D.C.

CONDUCTED BY *Tom Henry*

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clipping of news source must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

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ON LOCATION in Colorado. Gable found a way to hide out from a sudden rainstorm

## CLARK GABLE . . . STILL THE KING!

*Continued from page eleven*

the death of his mother when he was an infant, and the subsequent death of his stepmother, of whom he was deeply fond; when he was 15, had something to do with the attraction that older women exercised over him in his youth. Closer to the truth is the fact that Gable demands of his women a wisdom that he feels is lacking in himself.

Carole Lombard, his third wife, who died in a plane crash, was a younger woman, but singularly wise and understanding. Lady Sylvia Stanley, his fourth wife, was young but worldly-wise. Her marriage to Gable ended in divorce after two years.

Gable's marital record and his rather frequently reported romances should have made juicy items for the gossip columnists. But all efforts to exploit them fell flat.

This is mainly because he kept his mouth shut. "Let the lady tell it," he said to reporters when asked for his version of the last divorce suit. What the lady said was in no wise to his detriment.

### Many Jobs

GABLE is still reticent on the subject. "She was a gay person — she made me laugh," he said in his only reference to Lady Stanley. A rather touching statement to those of his friends who remember the deep and apparently incurable gloom into which he was plunged when Carole Lombard died. She, too, was the gayest of gay spirits.

"If you want to know what I am fundamentally," Gable told me, "I'm a fellow that doesn't want to work."

It may be true that he chose acting as a career less for the sake of art than because it seemed a possible way to escape the more toilsome forms of labor that dogged him during his youth. He

was in turn a farmhand, a necktie salesman, a tool dresser, a worker in the oil fields, a lumberman, a telephone repairman before he became an actor.

In the oil fields one of his jobs was to clean the stills in which oil was refined. The sludge generated high heat.

"It was hotter than any parallel of hell," says Gable picturesquely.

At 15-minute intervals, he had to be hauled out with a rope to be revived and then returned to the tank.

### K. O. Gable

IN THE lumber camp in Oregon where he worked, Gable was teamed at a saw with a powerful Swede. The Swede was on piece-work, Gable was paid by the hour. The job degenerated into a tug of war, with the Swede trying to speed up and Gable trying to slow down the rhythm. But his partner's strength won out. Gable still rubs his arms thoughtfully when he tells about it.

Early in his career, when he was in a fight picture, he knocked out his professional sparring partner with a freak punch. The man — perhaps in an effort to salvage his pride — was quoted as saying that Gable, if he wanted to turn pro, could be a champion.

"I must have knocked him senseless," was Gable's wry remark when this was quoted to him.

He is no intellectual giant. His competence at his trade and his attitude toward it may be that of the conscientious mechanic rather than of the artist. He may be as lazy as he claims. Luck may have played a large part in his phenomenal success story.

But let nobody tell you this Dutchman is dumb. You can't be stupid and stay King.

**MORE ABOUT GABLE next week when Editor Berg will discuss the changes that the years and the war have wrought on America's most famous movie star of the generation.**





**PROBLEMS:** Cake, two kids, puppy and book salesman

## Too TOUGH FOR TV

by Ralph Reppert



The networks wouldn't dare stage the kind of contest a wife gets into every day in the kitchen

AFTER several months of watching a television show called "Break Your Neck," I'd like to stick mine out with a few suggestions.

It's an enjoyable show as it is, mind you. Women win all sorts of prizes for squirting things off their husbands' heads with compressed whipped cream, for breaking dishes, for bursting balloons full of meringue, and so on.

But such stunts merely amuse. They don't give an expert housewife a chance to exhibit her co-ordination, dexterity and control under pressure.

So how about a housewife's obstacle course, featuring the sticky, messy, touch-and-go problems housewives have to hurdle every day? Throw in a couple of problem children and a half-trained puppy, for realism. For \$30,000 a night I'd loan my two problems — Agatha, just turned one, and Cuthbert, six — to any reputable studio.

### Stunt No. 1

AS EXAMPLE stunts, try these, which my wife Harriet can take in stride without even mussing up her temper:

Have Contestant No. 1 balance a teething baby (our little girl) upon her left hip and face an electric mixer full of cake batter.

At the starting signal, the contestant must turn on the mixer, take the little boy's hands out of the cake batter, wipe them off, slap them, clean the spilled batter off the linoleum before anybody steps in it, measure a teaspoon of vanilla into the batter and shush up the teething baby who is crying because her brother was crying — all in time to turn

off the mixer after exactly one and a half minutes of mixing.

Blowing a fuse, either emotionally or electrically, would disqualify the contestant. So would dropping the baby, setting her in the sink or hanging her on a doorknob. The contestant should be given the advantage on all other points, though. A child who is merely smirking, for example, should be adjudged to be properly shushed.

Contestant No. 2 starts in front of the naked, newly baked cake and a pan of frosting. She may use both hands for the problem, but with her left foot she must fend both children and the puppy away from the hot oven door, which has been left open to make the stunt more interesting.

### A Salesman Knocks

AT THE "GO" signal, the contestant must start spooning the frosting onto the cake. Simultaneously a book salesman begins thumping at the back door, the little girl begins crying for a drink of water which she can't have because she just finished eating half a can of baking powder and the little boy starts asking questions.

Within two and a half minutes, or before the frosting hardens, she must do an artistic job on the cake, shut the little girl up without giving her a drink, dismiss the book salesman without shouting anything unkindly at him, and explain to the little boy where the light goes when you turn it off and why he can't have a pet camel.

Stunts like these would provide not only wholesome entertainment, but also a dandy training ground for practical housewives.

As for prizes, I don't think the average housewife can conceive the real value of \$25,000 worth of merchandise or cash, any more than a New Zealand bushman could appreciate a sable coat. The winner would trip off just as gleefully, I bet, if she got just enough money to square off her budget at the end of the month.



1953

## Treat your Man like the grand kid that he is

Give him a boy's favorite food that the man still loves!

Spaghetti like this brings back memories of a boy's eager appetite. Like a kid, your man will pitch right in and relish the wonderful flavor of the tomato and cheese sauce. Because this spaghetti is really a boy's favorite food that the man still loves. That man of yours will never grow old enough or rich enough to lose his love for this grand-tasting dish.

There's only one famous prepared spaghetti. The one whose marvelous tomato and cheese flavor lingers in the memory of men with a happy boyhood! The one called Franco-American. With the sauce that has made it "a millionaire's dish for only pennies a portion!"

Get plenty of Franco-American Spaghetti, then watch your man eat like a happy, healthy kid again.



## Franco-American Spaghetti

...THE KIND WITH THE  
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IT is pretty well established that present-day chorus girls are a hard-working lot who throw themselves body and soul into their art. But probably no one knows just how much body they throw. According to a recent scientific survey, the average Broadway chorus drops about 50 pounds a performance, right before the audience's very eyes!

This survey was conducted by an amateur scientist named John L. Toohey, who also happens to be press agent for the musical hit, "Hazel Flagg." Toohey carted a large scale backstage and checked the girls before and after a matinee performance. Attendant reporters found that the girls averaged three pounds lighter at the final curtain. High scorer of the 17 dancers was Miss Toni Wheelis, a pretty brunette from Columbus, Ga., who dropped slightly more than five pounds.

Press agent Toohey offered to weigh out the chorus boys, too, but the newsmen abruptly dispersed and joined the girls at a nearby soda fountain, where they ate themselves back into shape.



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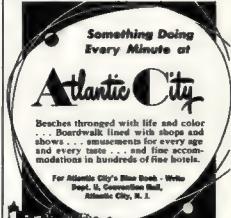
## "Seconds on SALADS?

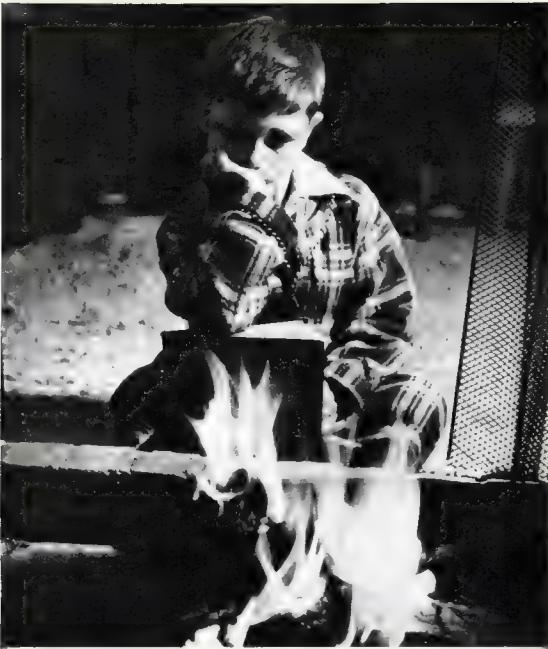
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That finds in dancing flame a tongue:  
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And great occasions, at their need,  
Summon the doer to the deed...  
Once even I, turned scarcely eight,  
Was, like you, master of my fate,  
And captain of my soul as well;  
Each day another dragon fell...  
O, there are dragons still to slay  
Today no less than yesterday,  
With stout lads waiting to waylay them,  
And stouter lads than I to slay them.

—Joseph Auslander



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## FASHION FIND



"KISS-NOTS" have turned into high fashion

## Cognac Hats

(See Front Cover)

**I**N the Cognac region of France, women for centuries have worn sunbonnets like those above as they picked grapes for the wine from which Cognac brandy is made.

During the Hundred Years War, in the 15th century, the English soldiers in France dubbed the hats Kiss-Nots because their shape made it pretty near impossible to steal kisses.

Schiaparelli adapted the hats on our cover from the original Kiss-Not, coming up with a rainhat and a sunbonnet. In this country, Madcaps Co., has taken her design for sunbonnets—one in white piqué, the other in a harlequin pattern in sculptured cotton. The crowns are stiff to hold their shape, the backs fall down over your hair. —JOAN SHORT

## EYES YOU CAN'T RESIST

*Continued from page nine*

were gray streaks in Herb's dark hair, and her figure was less lithe, her big eyes less vibrant.

Sol was glad to see them. "You know what's with vaudeville, these days," he told them. "But for your act, I can surprise even myself. People remember you." His swivel chair creaked, as he leaned back. "It won't look like the old times. Not the money, not the houses."

"We know," said Connie.

They had thought they knew. They read the names of the towns they were to play, and there was not a familiar name among them, not a remembered theater. Hick towns, mill cities, factory cities...

"It's the sticks, all right," Sol said. "But that's the way it is. With TV keeping half the audiences home, the dice are loaded."

THEY signed a six-week contract and went out—Consuelo was aware of Herb's eyes, as they passed the Palace Theater, the marquee where their names had once been lettered in blazing bulbs.

"I think this calls for a cocktail, Herb," she told him.

The lounge of the old hotel was filled with ghosts. Actors, dead and buried, their names forgotten, their triumphs unknown to the people at the tables...

"Herb!" A pleasant, well-dressed man with gray-ing hair rose from his chair.

"Jack!" Herb answered.

"I was just thinking of you!" Jack Warren said. "This place looks so run down I was afraid you had some new fancy set-up I wouldn't know about. May I bring the missus over?"

"We'd be delighted," Herb introduced Consuelo. "Jack's from my old home town, darling."

Mrs. Warren was breathless with excitement. She had heard so much about Herbert Teach. "We've seen you act, too!" she told Connie. "We get to the big city three-four times a year!"

"You're looking prosperous, Jack," said Herb. Jack smiled. "Big frog in a little puddle, Herbie. Chickened, to you. We take a splash, like Beth does, now and again."

A waiter appeared, and Herb said, "I think we should have champagne." His eyes traveled critically down the wine list. "You're so right, Jack, about this place running down. Not a Lanson, not a Pol Roger." He shrugged. "We'll try the Pommery," he told the waiter.

"It's sure wonderful to see you, Herb!" Jack said.

*Continued on next page*

"Little did we think when we used to go rabbit-hunting together that your name would be famous all over the world!"

"Sometimes I wish I was back hunting rabbits," said Herb.

Jack laughed. "That's a good one! Wait till I tell the fellows at the Rotary that we drank champagne together! We're darn proud of you, Herbie, and don't think we're not. You're one claim to fame, I guess." His eyes shone. "How's about our putting on the feedbag together, tonight? We could go up to our suite for a little more bubbly, first."

"Nothing I'd like better," Herb answered, warmly. "But we're starting a new tour tomorrow, and we'll have to pack."

He paid the check, overriding Jack's protests.

THEY walked back, silently, to the hot room at the Mohawk, with the milk bottle souring on the window-sill...

We know, Connie had told Sol, but they had not known. The tour was worse and harder than they had believed possible. The audiences were apathetic, the theaters third and fourth class. They could not afford the old props, their own pianist or the stooges who could be used when the people out-front would not respond. Herb tracked down luggage, carried heavy bags, and Connie watched him grow tired and thin. Food and hotel bills

cost more than they had; transportation and laundry were doubled.

When they returned to New York, the city was cooler, quickened and animated after the summer dog-days. Herb lay down on the bed in their cheap room and stared at the ceiling.

"Had you just as soon see Sol alone?" he asked. "We'll have to take what we can get anyway. My head aches."

"Of course, dear," she said.

HE WAS asleep, when she came back, and she kissed his cheek. "Wake up, Herbie! We're going to have a good steak dinner." She was smiling. "I got us a raise!"

He did not even ask how much. He did not ask what part of the country they would play. Her eyes were troubled as she watched him listlessly try to eat his steak.

"Where do we play tomorrow?" he asked, a week later. They were sitting up all night, in an evil-smelling coach on a jerky train.

For a moment, she did not answer. When she told him, he sat upright, a dull flush staining his face. "I'd rather be shot," he declared. "Why didn't you tell me before, Connie?"

"Oh, Herb, let's make it terrific!" she pleaded. "The audience will be full of your old friends, people who knew you when." She bit her lip. "Knew you before you were famous, I mean."

He did not speak. He had never played his home town. He had not even been back there in years. In their successful days, the town had been too small, too poor, for their class of booking.

They arrived at five-thirty on an October morning. Maple trees, their leaves pale gold in the thin autumn light, edged the small square across from the depot. Herb attended to their luggage, found a cab. His face was sad, as he looked out the window.

"I'd hardly know the place," he told her. He added wryly, "Unlike the prodigal son, it has prospered and improved."

They spent the morning at the theater. They were to be the entire entertainment. For more than two hours, they alone would have to hold an audience. Connie coached the pianist, a thin, tense woman who was the local music teacher. Herb arranged the stage, the improvised ramp, assembled the necessary props.

"Want to take a walk?" Connie asked, when they had finished.

"Think I'll lie down," he said. "I'm pretty tired."

THE applause that greeted their appearance behind the footlights was an ovation. Connie held her breath, her eyes on Herb. The house became hushed, with the old breathless stillness when he lifted his hand. Volunteers rose, crowded

*Continued on next page*

## Coming:

### A BOOK OF THIS WEEK STORIES

Next Friday, May 29, is publication day for "THIS WEEK'S Short-Short Stories," a notable, 307-page collection published by Random House. Among the 50 stories, you will find such authors as MacKinlay Kantor, Budd Schulberg, Pat Frank, Lee Rogow, Arthur Gordon, Victor Canning, Nathaniel Benchley, Ellery Queen and John D. MacDonald. For writers, there is a special, fact-filled chapter on "How To Write a Short-Short Story" by Stewart Beach, Executive Editor of THIS WEEK, and in charge of selecting its fiction. Order a copy from your book store, or send the publisher's price of \$3.00 to: THIS WEEK Magazine, P. O. Box 1576, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Please print name and address clearly.

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## EYES YOU CAN'T RESIST

*Continued from preceding page*

ing one another, toward the stage. From one of them a voice murmured, "Treat me gentle, Herb!"

It was like the old days, like playing at the Palace. They had never put on a better show. The curtain-calls continued until the theater manager snapped off the house lights. Herb had his arm around Connie when the lights came unexpectedly on, and the audience cheered.

Backstage was a confusion of people. "You were sensational, Herb!" said Jack Warren, pumping his hand. "You don't know what it means to us to have you come here! When Mrs. Teach—"

Consuelo interrupted him. "Herb's the whole show—Jack."

An old man shook Herb's hand. "I knew you'd come home some day, Herbie! Took your time about it, didn't you?"

"We have a little surprise for you and Mrs. — and Connie," Jack was saying.

The New York cafe, across the street from the theater, was crowded with townspeople. Tables had been pushed together, banquet-style. Flowers and glasses glittered in the bright light. Jack lifted a champagne bottle from a cooler, held it so that Herb could read the label. There were toasts and speeches, while the hands of the wall-clock made a complete circuit. From over thirty years back, Herb matched names with faces, asked, again and again, "Do you remember —?"

Jack Warren cleared his throat. "I don't suppose you're ready to think about retiring from the stage, Herb, but if you ever do —"

"Yes?" asked Herb, as Jack paused.

"You'd never be content in a small town, of course."

Herb smiled. "I was content here for eighteen years," he murmured. His voice was sonorous and deep. "What's in your mind, Jack?"

Connie crossed her fingers. *Just close your eyes, all of you . . .*

Jack looked at her pleadingly. "I know your wife would like it," he said. "I realize that we're pretty small time, but there's not a business man in this town wouldn't make a place for you, Herb!"

Connie saw the hope that flared and faded in Herb's eyes. "I hardly think my background would be an asset in business," he said, lightly.

The old man at Herb's left cracked. "Jack's right, Herbie. Why don't you give over this play-acting, pulling the wool over folks' eyes, and settle down where you belong? We know all about you, here! You can just act natural with us."

Herb swallowed. "It's—a thought," he said.

"We repainted the theater, after your agent phoned me," Jack was saying. "Why, if you'd repaint the whole town, if you stay. We'll be needing a president for our Chamber of Commerce, and one of these days we will be electing a new mayor—"

Herb was looking at Connie. "So I telephoned?" he asked.

"What does it matter?" she demanded.

HE LIFTED his handsome head. His brilliant eyes flashed, as he turned, gracious and dignified, to Jack Warren. His smile was charming. "I believe you've hypothesized me, Jack!" he said, and everyone laughed, appreciatively.

He added, from his heart, "You know, it sounds good!" *The End*

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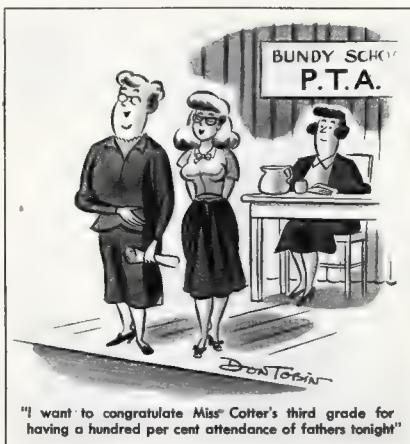
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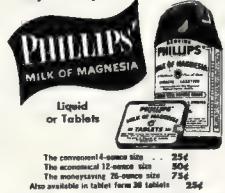
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### FACTS OF LIFE



Was Grandpa balmy?  
No, said the court

## UNCLE WASN'T SO CRAZY

by José Schorr

Before you try breaking a rich relative's will, read these surprising decisions of our courts

**No Age Limit.** Was grandpa off his nut because he tried to pick up teen-age girls?

No, woman-chasing at an advanced age is not insanity but expectable conduct, for "does not the Bible point out that David grew too old to be aroused by the arms of the siren Abishag the people took the kingdom away from him and turned it over to his son Solomon?" said the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

**Smarter Than He Looks.** Was a husband crazy because he never dressed up?

No, declared the Kentucky Court of Appeals, because "Samuel Johnson, who possessed one of the greatest minds of all time, was one of the seediest, most unkempt and personally dirty of all men; and Thomas Paine, another mental giant, is reported to have been unclean in respect to his person."

**Second-Wife Trouble.** Was father soft in the head for leaving his fortune to his pretty second wife instead of taking care of his nine needy children by his first wife?

No, because "fortunes are not ordinarily amassed by persons who are soft in the head," declared the Arkansas Supreme Court.

**Seeing Things.** Was grandpa unbalanced because he saw things that weren't there?

No, because "if lack of delusions were made the test of sanity only the dullest of us would pass; certainly not Martin Luther who

threw an inkstand at the devil or Joan of Arc who heard voices that led her to glory," said the Texas Supreme Court.

**Naughty, Not Nutty.** Was a husband crazy for going out with other girls when he had a perfectly lovely wife at home?

No, because, as the New York Supreme Court was ashamed to point out, some of the sanest husbands often find it relaxing to two-time their wives.

**Talking Dog.** May a talking dog collect the \$30,000 left him by his dead mistress?

No, because anyone who thinks a dog can talk is too crazy to write a will, ruled the California Superior Court.

**Medium Well Done.** Was uncle balmy because he believed in mediums?

"Not unless you are ready to question the sanity of some of the world's most brilliant men who firmly believed in spiritualism," ruled the Supreme Court of Texas.

**Heavenly Reservations.** Was auntie out of her mind for giving all her money to charity because she thought that would get her better accommodations in heaven?

No, because "Only the fool hath said in his heart there is no God," and, of course, no future rewards and punishments," was the ruling of the Supreme Court of Tennessee.

**To Err Is Human.** Was auntie suffering from insane delusions when she disinherited her nephew for loafing although the boy actually hadn't spent an idle day in his life?

No, because being in error is not being insane, said the Supreme Court of Michigan.



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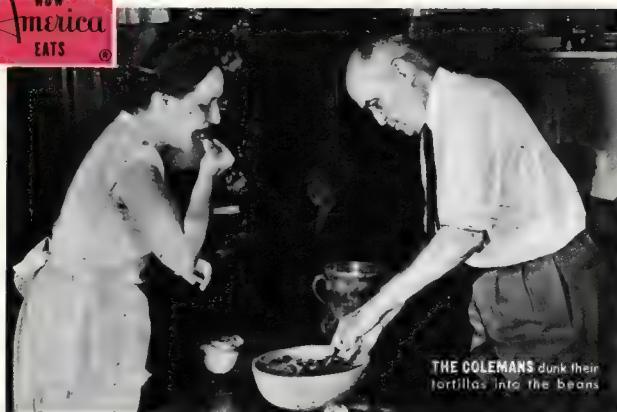
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HARRY PENNINGTON

## TEXAS BEAN DIP

by Clementine Paddleford

This Week Food Editor

Spicy hot and velvet smooth,  
it's something new and special  
to serve at the cocktail hour

### SAN ANTONIO

BEAN dip is a red-brown paste-like concoction, a dull eyeful to a *frijoles* greenhorn. But scoop up a bite on a piece of tortilla—it's soft in the mouth and velvet smooth, it's spicy hot. The tortilla gives "chew." What I like about it is that it satisfies and tantalizes at one and the same time.

I had stopped for a few days in San Antonio, Texas, to inquire about dishes unique to that area. Mrs. Hattie Lewellyn, Food Editor of the "Express," suggested a chat with the Arthur Colemans, co-authors of "The Texas Cook Book." I hurried to buy a copy and found it a generous potpourri of the tall eating and tall tales of the Lone Star State. Arthur Coleman is a real-estate editor; his wife Bobbie teaches languages in Brooke Army Medical Center at Fort Sam Houston. Their mutual interest is cooking, their hobby is searching for recipes of the kind they call "Texan."

### World-Wide Touches

TEXAS, they told me, has evolved a cuisine all its own, derived from the good living of the Old South, enlivened with contributions made by the French, the Anglo-American colonies, the Indians, the Spanish, the Mexicans. For good measure it has just a touch of Italian, a bit of Chinese.

The Colemans heard I was using their book as a guide to Texas eating and promptly invited me to join them for a bean dip. The occasion was on a Saturday afternoon in the kitchen-living room of the Colemans' new home in Alamo Heights. The house, Bobbie said, "is built around the kitchen, thus being the center work counter the napkins were arranged, the cocktail glasses were out. A Mexican bowl held little dried shrimp, a popular munch in the Southwest. Tortillas, of course, these in the Border Country are as commonly served as crackers in the rest of the United States.

On the range was the huge *olla* holding the bean dip which gave forth with an occasional lazy bubble; cozy warm, not quite to a simmer.

Tortillas we dipped in, dipped up. "Isn't that good! It's made with *frijoles*," Bobbie said, showing me a bagful of the uncooked pinto beans. Arthur explained, "*Frijoles* are for the pinto or red beans, not for navy. And they take special cooking too." The most rewarding way, I was told, is to use a *molecaje*, an *olla* and the proper seasonings. The *molecaje* is a little round tripod stone dish of Aztec origin and with this goes a pestle, the *tejolote*, to use for grinding up the chiles, cominos, garlic and other spices and herbs. The *olla* is an earthenware pot from Mexico in which beans cook to perfection. Both items can be purchased in the Mexican stores.

### Bean Dip

- 4 cups pinto beans
- 2 cups chopped onion
- 3 cloves garlic, mashed or chopped
- 2 teaspoons ground cumin seed or 4 teaspoons of the seed, crushed
- 6 tablespoons bacon drippings—or lard or a fist-size chunk of salt pork
- 6 tablespoons chili paste or chili powder
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- ½ pound sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
- Dash of *salsa picante* (Mexican hot sauce)

Wash beans thoroughly and remove any foreign particles. Soak beans overnight (or boil for two minutes in 10 cups of boiling water, remove from heat, cover and let stand for one hour). Put in a pottery, enamel or glass pot with sealing water. Add onions, garlic, cumin seed and fat. Simmer until beans are very soft, three to four hours, stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon to prevent sticking. If additional water is needed, use boiling water as cold water will darken the beans. When the beans are soft add chili paste and continue cooking a few minutes. Add salt to taste, about 3 teaspoons. (Salting too soon hardens the beans.)

While the beans are still warm, mash in the butter, cheese and Mexican sauce. Blend until smooth. Serve warm. Approximate yield: 2 quarts.

**FOOD FIT FOR THE QUEEN.** THIS WEEK'S food editor is reporting next week from London on what's cooking in England for Coronation Day eating.

## FIVE WAYS TO RUIN YOUR CHILD

Continued from page seven

assurance? The best way to tell you is by illustrating how it is not done. One father, whose infant son cried every night from one a.m. to four a.m., coped with the situation this way: "I went into the bathroom and got a glass of cold water and I walked over to the crib with it. 'See this ice water?' I said. 'You stop that yowling or I'll douse you good with it.' He kept on crying, so I splashed the water on his face. He stopped, looked up at me in surprise. That was the first night's sleep my wife and I had had in a week. After that, whenever he cried out in the night, I only had to show him the glass and he'd stop immediately."

That's one excellent way to ruin a child. Here are a few others:

Let your child "cry it out" to teach it independence. Keep saying how sorry you are that your little boy wasn't a girl, or vice versa. A famous writer, the father of three sons, says that he never paid any attention to his children until they were two years old — "They weren't human beings until then," he says.

Only one kind of parental behavior can make a baby child happy. The Bureau describes it thus:

"Hold them when they want to be held, comfort them when they cry, don't be harsh or stern or shouting. If you let yourself show the love you feel, your youngster will get what he wants and needs. If he wants your help, accept the fact that he does and give it to him. This will not make him soft, it will give him the courage to grow."

**2. TWO TO THREE.** This is the I — I — I period; all that matters is to be big, to be strong, to have power, to be a person. The tricky problem for parents is to judge how far to let the rambunctious offspring go before saying no and then how firmly.

A young mother went to visit a college friend and took along her two-year-old daughter. In the first

10 minutes of the visit she did the following: knocked over a vase of flowers, kicked the cat, dumped the contents of her mother's handbag into the fireplace ashes, smeared chewing gum on the piano keys and scribbled all over the sheet music. When each of these calamities occurred, the mother said half-heartedly, "Oh, Florence, dear, mustn't do that."

The same hostess reports that a week later she was visited by another friend who brought along a daughter of the same age. This mother, on arrival, plunked her child in a chair, and in a loud voice said, "Now I don't want you to move from there until you're told." All afternoon, the mother watched the child like a lion tamer and constantly barked orders at her.

### "Law and Order"

Both these mothers are ruining their children. And so are the fathers who come home from work every night as self-styled voices of authority. "Now that I'm home," they announce, "there will be law and order around here." Then they proceed to be the big man they haven't been in the office all day.

The Bureau admits that often these years are not easy to live with. It was more pleasant to have the child in the crib and play pen. Now he doesn't want your loving arms around him except at his own times. Your child wants freedom, but if you never say "No," this is also very bad for the child. "He finds himself," the Bureau says, "by bumping up against some of your 'No's.' They give him an area he can operate in. If he has the whole wide world, life is much too big. Instead of venturing forth, he may shrink back. Too many 'No's' do the same thing. Either way, he has a frightened feeling inside."

Here are some useful "Don'ts":  
a.) Don't put off your "No" until you are mad. Your stormy voice and face make the child feel bad, confused and worried.

Continued on page 29



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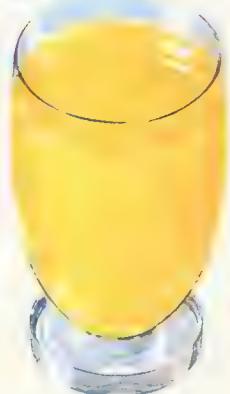
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Etiquette



SAFE RULE: Don't give  
merely decorative gifts.

MURRAY ERICKSON

## BUYING FOR THE BRIDE

by Mrs. Albro C. Fowler

DIRECTOR OF PERSONAL SHOPPING, LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK



Here's how to choose  
a gift she won't have  
to return to the store

You can hardly make your way through a reception hall these days without getting hit by a flying bouquet. The wedding season is full blast.

As Director of Personal Shopping at a large department store, I see the footloose migration each spring of distraught wedding-present buyers.

They wander down the aisles, spurning advice, murmuring dire threats such as, "I'm not going to leave this store until I've found something... anything... for Mary Jane." Six weeks later Mary Jane is bringing back that "something" for credit on an article she really needs.

If only people would follow a few simple rules about wedding gifts. For instance, find out what the couple wants. If you know both or either of the pair, ask outright if they have any particular desires (you can subtly indicate how much you want to spend by saying, "I thought perhaps you'd want a tray, or a really good bottle opener, or some flat silver"). If you don't know the couple too well personally, ask their friends or parents for suggestions.

Always try to find out at least how the newlyweds plan to live.

If they've got a one and one-half room apartment and both have jobs, a ping-pong table is about the last thing they want. If their tastes lean heavily toward functional furniture and modern art, then a set of Georgian candlesticks or a Victorian candy dish will just be one more awkward box to take back to the store.

Ask if the couple has been to any specialty shops and let lists of presents they'd like to receive. There's nothing greedy or in poor taste about doing this. Many stores will help shoppers pick out wedding presents in their price range, will see that there are no unhappy duplications, and should the couple decide to return the gift, exchanges will be arranged.

Should all intelligence work fail, and you're faced with the problem of buying a gift for someone you don't know and can't imagine, keep one rule in mind. It's a modern, 1953, rule of thumb. Avoid giving a present which is decorative and nothing else. Try to make your gift decorative *and* useful.

Casserole dishes, small tables, ash trays, mixing bowls, trays, linen sets, bread boards, stools which stack up for storing, even electric kitchen equipment can be attractive and functional at the same time.

And don't push your choice. You may be convinced that a dozen cocktail glasses is just the ticket. But so may four other friends. And it's improbable that your newly-

weds will be dishing out 60 cocktails in one evening. So don't have gifts initialed, unless the store assures you that they have received instructions from the engaged girl on just what is to be initialed, and how. Marked goods is practically impossible to return to any store. Besides you might get it wrong.

And please be honest. It seems a harmless bit of self-promotion to wrap up a middle-priced article in a box and paper from a luxury store. But it could happen (and does all too often) that your friend will try to exchange your gift. The store gets huffy, she embarrassed, and you'll want to leave town.

Put in a card, preferably a calling card. Many's the young bride who has spent sleepless nights trying to figure out which "Mary and John" sent the handwrought umbrella stand.

Make a real effort to see that the present gets there before the wedding, but don't use that "Well, it's too late to do anything now," excuse. It's never too late to give a present. And, in my estimation, there is no such thing as too expensive a present, or too small a present. Give what you honestly can give, and you'll never be ashamed.

\* \* \*

**YOUR HUSBAND** is the most important guest at your parties. Maureen Daly, author of "The Perfect Hostess," tells how to keep him happy in next week's "Everybody's Etiquette."

## FIVE WAYS TO RUIN YOUR CHILD

*Continued from page twenty-seven*



### Get rid of the "GHOST OF THE PAST"

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saves you \$1. See you on TV with  
"LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHTY!"

Check your paper for  
time and station.

*Jack Barry*

b.) Don't forget that for all his growth, you are dealing with a little child. One mother watched her two-and-a-half-year-old fall down and cry, but did not respond when the child called, "Mommy, Mommy, come pick me up!"

"I've got to teach her a lesson," the mother said. "She won't let me kiss her when I want to, so now I won't hug her when she wants me to."

c.) Don't continually surround the child with too many "old folks." The child needs young adults and children his own age.

d.) Let the child do things for himself even though it takes more time than if you do them for him.

#### Vital Period

ADMITTEDLY, this is the parent's most nerve-racking period, but it is in many ways the most vital. The Bureau says, "The two-year-old is hard to live with but the adult who has never found himself (this is what the two-year-old is trying to do) is much harder to live with. You must know adults like that: people who still have to throw their weight around, who always have to be right. Or you must know the opposite: The 'Miqueoats' who dare not speak their mind, grown people who are afraid to assert themselves.

"But a youngster who has been given a chance to throw his weight around, who has used himself and tested himself just for the sake of doing it, is ready now to settle down."

**3. THREE TO SEVEN.** The big critical development in this age group is the formation of a sense of initiative, a sense of being someone who has an idea and who carries it out. If you give your child time to ask all the questions he wants to, to develop plans and ideas, to play a lot of make-believe, he stands a good chance of becoming a real person with real ideas.

However, the plans and ideas he develops are not always easy on the nerves. He decides to scratch his name on the television screen, to paint a new design on the rug, to vary the dog's diet by feeding him your Thanksgiving turkey. Or maybe he has a taste for scrambled eggs — and scrambles them all over the kitchen.

Obviously, these acts require some disciplinary measures, but the parent who is not aware of what this stage of development means to the child, may seriously harm his personality growth. The parent should *not*:

a.) Constantly rush the child: "We can't wait for you just to play. Now come right along..."

b.) Interfere too much: "You are just being silly. You are too old for that..."

c.) Pull the child down to earth before he is ready to come: "Clean up that mess. You will just get dirty."

These attitudes will drive a child back into his shell. It is most important not to be too hard on the child when he tries something out: "You scribble on my magazine once more and I'll..." Or if what he does is made to look silly: "Do you call that a painting? How do I look at it? Is it upside down?"

The Children's Bureau reminds you that furniture, walls, *things* can be repaired, but if your child lives these years for what they are really worth, he has added to himself.

**4. SEVEN TO TWELVE.** The thing that matters most to these children of school age is to become good at something. They want to have the wonderful sense inside of them that they are skilled; that they can produce; that they are able.

There are two big "Don'ts" for parents:

a.) If your child is having trouble at the start of school, don't blame him. Buck him up. Do other things with him where

*Continued on next page*

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hair  
is  
showing!



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## FIVE WAYS TO RUIN YOUR CHILD

*Continued from preceding page*

he can succeed. Life is hard enough for youngsters when they have not yet found themselves. Worry and nagging and punishments about school failure make it that much harder.

b.) Don't get irritated with your child's play, even though it takes over the house. This is the age when snakes are housed in bureau drawers, turtles kept in the bathtub. It is an age of mess and clutter. When they leave their prized collections everywhere, you probably say:

"If they really cared about those cigar bands they wouldn't leave them strewn all over the house."

"But," the Bureau cautions us, "children do care. They may not always appear to, but these collections and enthusiasms are their way of giving themselves something the other fellow doesn't have. They can become specialists this way. And in being specialists — knowing a little bit more, talking sometimes too much for what they know — they can build themselves up. We all have a great stake in that."

The Bureau has found that it is easier for a child to succeed in school if the people in his house read a lot and speak well. Reading ability depends a good deal on proper speech. Also, children who have traveled a little, even if it is only around town, do better at school than those who have always been kept pretty close to home.

The important thing is for the child to believe in himself. If he can't do it in a good way, he will do it in a bad way.

The path he takes depends on where you lead him.

### 5. TWELVE TO SEVENTEEN.

Suddenly your child is sloppy, tardy, careless, more "fresh" than ever before. He has become very clamorous with his friends. He seems to be getting worse, not better.

The Bureau says that this is because he has become terribly uncertain. What am I like? What will I become? What do people expect of me? What are they going to do to me? How much must I fight or can I trust them? Sounds like the infancy period all over again, doesn't it?

Actually, it is the beginning of introspection, seeing what's inside for the first time.

In the past few years, teen-agers have been subjected to a scathing denunciation. They have been pictured everywhere as dope-taking, unmoralized, disrespectful little hoodlums.

Recently, THIS WEEK published a report that demonstrated that the current teen-ager is no worse, perhaps better, than the generations of teen-agers that have preceded him.

Now the Children's Bureau is able to add this introspective advice to the teen-age problem: "These young people who look so big can be real babies at times;

they have so much going on inside of them that once in a while they burst their bonds and put on a real show. It's not easy for them in our world. Schools go on treating them like little children; parents often worry about them and tend to go on with their old ways of telling and insisting and checking up.

"These children are too young — so parents say — for jobs; too big for the silly things they do; too inexperienced to be much good at anything. It is too hard on them, too much to expect if we throw the whole burden on them, if we have no feeling inside of us for what these years mean to them, if we blindly go on treating them as little children."

### Check List

HERE's a check list that might prove helpful in handling your teen-ager:

a.) Give gradual, small increases in freedom, rather than big chunks that you have to snatch back.

b.) Give more jobs he can test himself on.

c.) Let him make as many decisions — good or bad — as possible, and try not to reverse him.

d.) Discuss what he can and cannot do, give reasons and carefully listen to his arguments.

e.) Decrease your absolute prohibitions but set down very firm "No's" when the need for them seems necessary and stick by them.

f.) Accept the fact that he will often have very strong feelings — too strong feelings — but try not to get angry in your discussions and don't make your "No" angry, if you can possibly help it.

THE Children's Bureau has this over-all advice to offer parents: "A healthy personality — or call it real inner happiness — is something the child wants for himself. His whole human nature pushes him toward it. He is really the one who does the work. He will always be trying to let you and the whole world know when there is something that matters very much to him. You go along with your youngster. You help him in his efforts. You smooth the road.

"Your youngster does not stand much chance of success unless you do your share. But your share is a special kind of work: helper, friend, supporter, guide. You know that the youngster has to live his own life. He is the one who has the wants and urges inside him. You side with him. You believe in him. You back him up in what he is after."

Parents can obtain copies of the Children's Bureau's Pamphlet by sending 15 cents to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. Ask for their new pamphlet, "A Healthy Personality For Your Child." The End

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by The Berenstains

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